

LITERARY NOTES.

"Frau Wilhelmine" is the third and concluding volume of Dr. Stedman's "Rochester Family." The English translation will be brought out in a few weeks.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes read, the other day, divers poems of his own to the festive pupils of the Boston Conservatory of Music, and was the object of intense enthusiasm on their part. One pretty girl gave him a bouquet and the happy poet exclaimed: "If the world I could say were half as sweet as these flowers, I should not want for applause." He was so pleased with their interest and delight that he read poem after poem, giving "Grandmother's Story" with much dramatic force. "I can't keep from being a bit dramatic," he said; and then added, complacently, "I don't try."

The June Book-Digger provides a timely article in the shape of a biographical sketch of the new hero of fiction, Mr. Rider Haggard, and to add to our obligations it also presents his portrait and signature. It notes that Mr. Haggard is not yet thirty-one years old; and that his information regarding South African scenes and native character was gathered at first hand. "When only nineteen, Mr. Haggard accompanied Sir Henry Bulwer on the staff of Sir Philip Freke, the British Consul-General to Natal; and during the two succeeding years, as an official of the Natal Government, he was in the Transvaal. He withdrew from the Colonial service in 1879, and returning to London and marrying the only daughter of the late Major Margison, of Ditchingham House, Norfolk, became a practicing barrister of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Haggard's first book was a political character, and, coming from an unknown writer, attracted little attention. It related to recent events in South Africa, and was published in 1882."

Concerning "King Solomon's Mines," Mr. Haggard writes to the Editor of the Book-Digger that it was written as an experiment in boy's books. It would be impossible for me to define where fact ends and fiction begins in the work, as the two are very much mixed up together. I may add that its success was quite unexpected by me, as the work, undertaken at haphazard, was carried out at odd hours for the most part after a long day at chambers. Mr. Haggard adds that he has received up to date (March 20th) a sum of \$113,100 on account of the American sale of this book, of which \$410,000 came from Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

On the fifteenth of next January, the first number of *The Moderns*, a magazine of poetry, will be brought out in the city of Buffalo. It will concern itself wholly with verse of the present and the past and will add to its selections copious notes and short biographies of poets.

Sir John Lubbock's new book, "The Pioneers of Life," is in the press of the Macmillans.

Another novel of Australian life has just been published by Mrs. Campbell-Fraser. It is entitled "Miss Jacobson's Chance."

A work on the climatic treatment of consumption has been written by Dr. James Lindsay, and will be published immediately by the Macmillans. The doctor describes therein the characteristics of the principal sanatoria in all parts of the world.

"A Tragical Mystery" is the title of the forthcoming volume of the series of criminal studies projected in partnership by Mr. Julian Hawthorne and Inspector Byrnes. Mr. Byrnes will furnish the plots of these stories, Mr. Hawthorne will put them into literary dress and the Cassells will publish them.

Discard among the Southern authors! Judge Charles Gayarre, the venerable and distinguished Louisiana, is quoted by *The Kansas City Times* as saying that Mr. Cable's pictures of creole life are "misrepresentations."

"Into the mouths of refined foreigners," he adds, "he puts the miserable patois of the negroes and lower classes of mixed blood, when those very characters are able to speak their own language in all of its perfection. Moreover, the patois which he gives out is incorrect. He makes our people void of all sense of high morality; and of all high and pure affections. His books are full of anachronisms so numerous that I cannot mention them here. When Mr. Cable's first works appeared I was asked by the *Times-Democrat* to criticize them. I refused to do so upon the ground that to criticize them would be as great a task as to rewrite them. When Mr. Cable heard this he came to me to ask why I refused to review his work. On this occasion I asked him if he knew intimately two creole families in New Orleans; two to whose houses he had the entire so that he might study their individualities. He said that he did not. Can we expect such a man to give us correct descriptions of a people whom he has judged only at a distance? Mr. Cable probably has a good and interesting answer to all this.

THE OPERA COMIQUE FIRE.

AN OFFICIAL PREDICTION, AND "FIGARO'S" SORRY JEST.

M. Berthelot, the French Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts, was questioned on May 12 in the Chamber by M. Steenackers, Deputy of the Haute-Marne, as to whether steps should not be taken to secure the Opera Comique from danger in case of a fire. The Minister replied: "I have given attention already to this question. I visited the premises and found that while it was relatively easy to open exits for the spectators, the difficulty would be much greater in the case of the persons employed in the theatre, who number about 400. Indeed, not more than half of these could escape, and that by a plank not more than two feet wide resting on some arches, a veritable Mahomed's bridge; I think M. Steenackers must have passed over it [laughter]. This situation is in truth dangerous. If a fire broke out and unfortunately this eventuality is certain in a given time [murmurs], for according to statistics there is no theatre which is not burned at least once in a century. If in the actual case of the Opera Comique, the theatre was to take place during a representation there would be a genuine catastrophe." Of course the *Figaro* saw in the question and answer a chance of ridiculing two Republican statesmen, and in its issue of May 14 there is a fancy of Albert Millard which is hardly as amusing to the Householders as it was then. A translation follows. It is headed:

DEVOTED TO THE FLAMES.

COMIC OPERA—By M. Berthelot, music by M. Steenackers.

Scene.—The Approaches to the Opera Comique; in the background the city entrance.

CHORUS.—(Air from the *Porchoneros*.)

In spite of omens horrid,
Dread not of destruction's terror!

In spite of Bertelot's
Oh, on to Carvallo!

TASKIN (entering).

Where goest thou, Talazac, at such a pace?

TALAZAC.

When duty calls, I do not go, I race.

TASKIN.

Rash man, forbear!—or dread the judgment sinister
Lately pronounced by the law-avenge-minister!

And that, too, before long!

TALAZAC.

Oh! Speak your meaning.

TASKIN.

Give up all hope in future to be seen in
Those comic rides to which you have a leaning!

BOULANGER (appearing).—(Air from the "Postillon.")

My friends, you will know the history—
A tale to our down we must bend!

And Berthelot, who deals not in mystery,
Predicts the Opera Comique's doom!

His love for statistics is noted
And in the Chamber aloft
He declares the Opera Comique devoted—
To the arms of the fire-lad ladies vowed!

Ho! ho! ho! how I feel in a glow
At the fine discourse of Berthelot!

TASKIN.

Come, now, let us enter—

FUGEE.

Beware!

The Mutual Insurance man is looking at you greedily
The Nation is driving up to take your words down
speculatively!

TASKIN.

Take care!

MADAME ISAAC.

Though singing thus
Believe my pain!
But still be kind, my dear kind, Carvallo, also show
thy power!

GRIVOT.

The public, then, need have no fear—while we
We must be roasted!

HERBERT.

Oh! how lovely are my boxes,
What a happy lot is mine!
My theatre this evening flings
Fire from a thousand eyes!

M. LEGEND.

Time for rehearsal, gentlemen; to know your parts be
comulous.

M. DANKE.

Let's enter, then, the furnace dread without a quiver
tremulous!

ALL.

We confess our sins in penitential attitude;
As when hope of life was strong, we gave ourselves
to now off in spring's young prime, we bend when
fiery tempests lower,
But still be kind, my dear kind, Carvallo, also show
thy power!

And when the conflagration dread enfolds us in embraces
hot,
Shrink not, alarmed by its advance; assail us with its
water-pot.

M. CARVALLO (entering).

Follow me, children—Frightened by a fable!
My Opera Comique is not a house of cards,
As Berthelot's position. As to him,
The wretch is far more sure to take a swim

On the ebbling tide with Gables—trator dire—
Than we to sink in fire!

ALL.

Have no fear!
For he is here,
Our work
We will not shrink.

PASSERS-by looking at the company,
But see, no sign of fear or quaking!

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enthusiasm on their part. One pretty girl gave him a
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For Young Ladies—Country.

ENGLISH and French Boarding and Day
School for Young Ladies, No. 4112 Spruce st., Philadelphia.
Miss J. L. ALLEN, Principal. For terms and particulars
apply to Miss J. L. ALLEN, 4112 Spruce st., Philadelphia.

HOME COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, Me-
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quarter for girls.

THE WEST WALNUT STREET BOARD-
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